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Geranium next he rudely caught,
But, doom'd in this attempt to fail,
Repeated efforts only brought
Fresh odours to the passing gale.

"'Tis thus," he said, "that virtue springs
Elastic from the touch of woe,
Care's pressure oft her bosom wrings,
But cannot lay her beauties low."

"In adverse winds and threat'ning skies,
Where dangers lurk, or ills await,
Virtue is ever seen to rise
Superior to the frowns of fate.

"Whilst earth-born bliss, like roses gay,
The devious path of life adorns,
But pluck'd, it quickly fades away,
And leaves us mortals nought but
thoras."

June 7, 1813.

THE THRUSH.

'TWAS eve, and the sun had just sunk
from our sight,
As he ting'd with his gold-streaming splendour the West;
Dim twilight preceded the dark-bosom'd night,
And the woodland's wild choristers hasten'd to rest.

One only remain'd, on a thorn's topmost spray,
Whence sweetly he pour'd his soft notes
on the gale;
With the skill of an artist he raised his lay,
Now brisk seem'd the catches, now plaintive the tale.

'Tis thus, when adversity's shades are descending,
And joy's rosy tints are withdrawn from the mind,
Tho' chill be the blast, and the tempest impending,
Hope, solace of sorrow, still lingers behind.

I listen'd with rapture, as borne on the breeze,
The strains of rich melody floated around,
So simple, so soothing, so suited to please,
That devotion itself was inspir'd by the sound.

And longer the song would have swell'd
on my ear,
And the music have longer continu'd to charm,
But quick the gale rose, and the warbler,
thro' fear,
Sought a branch less exalted, less subject to harm.

Ah! hapless removal! for as he essay'd
His wild notes again, fate arrested his breath—
Grimalkin, who long the fair prize had survey'd,
Caught, crush'd, and consign'd the poor flutterer to death.

Many years have elaps'd since his music was heard,
Soft warbling amidst the thorn's foliage so green,
Yet oft-times I think on the beautiful bird,
And this is the moral I draw from the scene:

That when HOPE sits aloft from this world and its care,
We may listen with safety, for bliss is in store;
But if earthward she flies, caution whispers, "beware,
Let the song of the syren delight thee no more."

11th January, 1814.

SELECTED POETRY.

ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM BOSVILLE,
ESQ., OF THROPE-HALL, YORKSHIRE,
DEC. 16TH, 1815.

He was a staunch friend to freedom,
and to Parliamentary Reform; and
his purse has been always freely opened
to the relief of the persecuted patriots,
who have incurred the vengeance of government,
in their endeavours to secure freedom by obtaining reform.

"*Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit.*"

LOV'D by his friends, and by his foes
esteem'd,
For even foes by goodness are redeem'd;
Above all meanness, for he knew no pride,
Unaw'd by death, unblemish'd Bosville died.